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Volume 106.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1865.

Number 5,543.

Poetry.

IN MEMORIAM.

"REMEMBER."

For the child I pray, and the Lord hath granted me my petition which I asked of him. Therefore I have lent him to the Lord, all the days of his life. 1 Kings, 3, 28.

He then, his angel wing from heaven
To visit earth's domain;
But getting near, drew back with fear,
And soared to heaven again.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

BY W. K. DELANEY.

It is customary in many cities, on Christmas Eve, at 12 P. M., to order in the Naval Day by the ringing of bells, midnight services are also held.

And Christmas bells—glad, merry, Christmas bells,
How joyfully they peal; the hidden wells
Of feasting echo back the angelic hush
Till memory's chambers ring with thoughts profound.

Hark! in the midnight how the clanging wail
Of joy tumultuous breaks the solemn hush
Of night. The bells with blended praise and prayer

Fling their glad voices on the silent air;
Thus, in the time of old—oh loving time—
Was heard the voice, whose angelic chime
Proclaimed: "Good will on earth, and peace to men."

Those Christmas bells ring forth the words again,
How many hear them with unheeding ear!
How many with full heart and falling tear
Shrink from the sound? Ah! Christmas bells:
Ye greet

With bitter sorrow and with blessing sweet,
One heart gives many echoes from its cell,
Another breaks beneath your solemn knell.

Sweet, holy, Christmas bells, peal forth on high!
Till, with your melody, earth, air, and sky
Raise the glad heart from visions of the past,
With all their gloomy shadows overcast.

To future blessing. Touch with loving thought
The flowered brow with sorrow's teaching fraught.

Till with your bright, unclouded, cheerful light
The soul whose wings of joy pass human sight;
Ring forth your melody in some dark spot,
When man's weary chime of poverty's forgot!

Breathes o'er the baby in its downy nest,
And leave an echo in its dreaming breast;
Come to the aged one on winter's blast,
And summon by your sound the happy past!

On rich and poor—the ancient and the young—
Let your sweet harmony of life be sung;
Blending the masses in your melting breath;
Fusing in one joy, sorrow, life and death.

Islands that have rung your crumblings in the dust,
Yet from your throats, begin'd with time and trust,
The joyful diapason fills the air,
And "Christmas bells" invite to praise and prayer.

OUR HOME BY THE SEA.

BY ESTELLE LIVINGSTON.

Our home shall be by the rolling sea,
Where tower the cliffs of the bold and free,
Where the wild sea birds' shrill note is heard,
And the blue waves break incessantly.

Where stars at night o'er the waters bright
Illumine the wave with silvery light,
And the ceaseless roar on the wild sea shore,
Is borne afar in the hush of night.

The rose shall twine with the gay woodbine
Around our cot in the calm sunshine;
And the sweetest smile of love the while
Shall light our home by the foaming brine.

Oh! happy shall that be home by the sea—
That home in the land of the brave and free;
Where the wild sea birds' shrill note is heard,
And the blue waves break incessantly.

STANZAS.
BY E. C. T.

This Earth's too small for the spirit's home!
Too cold and dark and drear!
She gropeth her way—but phing still
For a brighter, happier sphere.

Glimpses she has, through vision dim,
(Though earth her vision mares),
Of a beauteous home, in a world of light,
Beyond, beyond the stars.

Where God's own presence, evermore
Illumines all the way!
Where earth, nor sin, nor death again
Shall mar that glorious day.

The soul shall drink "redeeming love,"
Breathe an undying strain
Of holy joy, and peace: when Christ
Receives his own again.

TRUE LOVE.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:—
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height
Be taken.

Selected Tale.

THE QUEEN OF THE RYE FAIRIES.

A STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

"Franz," said a mother to her boy, who was lazily walking into the garden, to pick a few berries, "I have something for you to do. Just see how high the peas are.—You will find some rods in the summer house; take them, and stick them for the peas to grow upon. They will then become a great deal larger, and our garden will look much more handsome."

"But can't I get some one else to do that for me," said the idle boy.

"Shame on you, Franz, you seem to shrink the very slightest labor."

"But, mother," replied the boy, to excuse himself, "we are not so poor that we are compelled to work for our bread.—You could benefit them by giving them work. One moment you must make me do one thing, and the next I must do another. The sun is hot to-day, too, and I would rather go and sit under our shady elm."

"If man," she answered, "would neither labor with his mind nor hands, he would then be no better than the dumb beast."

She would have instructed him further, but just at this moment she was called into the house. Franz went reluctantly to his assigned task, for he disliked to put his hand to any work. His sister Emma had heard all that was said, though some distance off, and she came with her work basket and sat down on the grass near where he began to stick the rods along the rows of peas. She took her knitting work from her basket, though she liked labor about as little as her brother. Things did not continue long in this way, and Franz came and sat down beside Emma—to rest, as he said, and wipe the perspiration from his face. Meanwhile his sister let a number of stitches drop, and did not take the slightest interest in her knitting.

"If mother," she said, "had not appeared so serious, I would have asked her permission for us to take a walk along the meadow."

Franz answered, "Oh! would it not be more quiet and shady out yonder in the rye field? We cannot get a moment's rest here in the garden. I would like to sleep here a little while, but the birds would go to singing around me, and the bees would be buzzing about my ears.—Only think, these troublesome bees are the same little animals that mother said are a useful example to us of industry. Now, you will not find one of these pests in the tall rye. Indeed, I never saw nor heard of one there. Let us go out there a little while. Fortunately for us, the garden gate is not locked."

"Oh! that would be fine. I would be in the greatest glee in the rye field; for there I could catch the glistening beetles, and pluck the brightest flowers."

"And I could have a little while for sleep," said Franz. "Come on—mother will not be here again till afternoon, and we will be back long before that. Any time of day is good enough to attend to pea vines. Ha! ha! nobody can ever make me believe there is any enjoyment in work, for I invariably get tired of it as soon as I get at it."

"Do you know what I would rather be, above everything else?" said Emma. "I would love to be a fairy, for it is about the fairest that our mother has told us so many nice stories. They always live like queens in the greatest happiness; and they dwell in splendid castles, built of gold and diamonds, and surrounded by gardens, where spring never ends. That would be the right kind of life for me. Then I would have no stockings to knit, or dictionary lessons to learn."

While this conversation was passing the two children were going out of the garden gate into the meadow. Emma skipped about after the great dragon flies, and plucked many flowers of the loveliest hue and sweetest fragrance. But Franz, after an hour or more, climbed over the fence into the rye field, and when he had found a cool place in the high grain, he lay down without troubling himself as to whether or not he was breaking off some fine stalks.—Although it was only mid-day, he was soon fast asleep.

By and by, after Emma was tired of her exercise, she went into the rye field, and sat, resting her head upon her hand, near her sleeping brother. All at once, she saw, but a few steps from her, a beautiful little figure, hardly as long as her finger. It wore a dress of bright red poppy blossom which had a belt around it on a single blade of ribbon glass. The hat that it wore was a snow white flower, which, on a closer inspection, proved to be a lily of

the valley. Such a fascinating object, Emma had never held before; and although she had a good many little porcelain people on her table at home, the best of them could not compare with this living figure. She rubbed her eyes very hard, for she thought it must be a dream. But the little form did not vanish, and she pulled away the grass, so that she could see all its motions. Then she touched her brother very softly, who took it very hard to be disturbed in such a refreshing slumber. But when he saw the little lady which his sister quietly pointed at, he was just as much delighted at her as she was. How quickly she stretched out her diminutive hands!—how lightly moved those little feet, that were clad in slippers of the smallest muscle shells! Now she took her rake of a rose twig, whose thorns served for teeth, and pulled all the weeds up into a pile. Then she laid her rake down and directed her wagon up through the high stalks of rye to where the weeds were. And such a wagon as it was! It was drawn by two stag beetles, the reins and halters made of cob web, and the driver so small that his blouse was a blue bell.

A host of such little figures, men and women they were, surrounded the wagon.—They were all dressed in flower-clothing, and it was a glorious scene to behold them casting the weeds into it, to be hauled away. Soon the wagon was loaded and the horses began to pull; and they struggled manfully without even so much as injuring a single stalk of grain. The people who remained behind did not lie down to sleep, but divided their time between playing hide and seek behind a pebble, and a game of ball with a grain of sand. I would give anything if you could have seen how happy they were while at play. They never lost their temper—a lesson to us never to get angry with a playmate.

The little woman in the red dress now appeared among them, and took off her hat to rest and sleep the whole day, but I don't enjoy it in the least, and just as soon as I am well again, I will be as industrious and happy as the Fairies of the Rye Field."

Emma had told her mother all that had happened to Franz and herself, and promised to take the fairies as an example of industry and contentment. From that day forth, she could sit quietly and attend to whatever duties her mother assigned her, and never had she been so happy in all her former life.

When Franz had recovered and went out into the garden for the first time, he found the peas had been bearing, and he sorrowfully reflected that they had been cared for by other hands than his. Afterward he labored every day in the garden, and took the greatest pleasure in training the flower beds, and keeping the walks free from grass. In the evening he would sit in company with his mother and Emma, and read aloud to them, instead of sleeping on the sofa as he used to do. Nobody would have taken either him or his sister, for the same children that were once so discontented and idle.

It was a lovely scene to see them at their work, and, would you believe it, they never forgot a word of the song the fairies sang after dinner, and often sang it themselves. They lived to be of great age. Emma became a distinguished authoress, and Franz became an honored senator.

Danish Legends.—In these days of ten-centenary festivals, and above all in the town of Elsinore, it is a great shock to one's Shakespeareanism to be told that Hamlet, properly named, was not the son of a king of Denmark, but of a private chief; that as a Pagan, living centuries before the Christian era, he did no more than his duty in revenging his father's death; that he by no means fell in single combat with Laertes, but lived to become Governor of Jutland, and to marry two wives, one of whom was daughter of an English King. The culminating point of this antiquarian heresy is that there was no Ophelia. To have one's faith destroyed in one of the sweetest characters that Shakespeare ever drew is a trial. On the road to Fredensborg with the exception of the ruined castle of Gurre, to which a tradition clings remarkable for its likeness in a double aspect to those connected with English history. In the 14th century Valdemar IV., like Henry II., concealed in this sequestered nook a Danish Fair Rosamond, known as Toveil. Little Love! But whereas English history infers that the Queen Eleanor, after the discovery, proved a sharp thorn to her husband, the Danish story goes much further, and dooms Valdemar to the fate of Herne the Hunter, for having blasphemously declared that he should not desire Heaven if Gurre were left to him.

"I supposed mother was only in jest when she spoke of them. But it is a fact—these little people, with their Queen, work just as earnestly as the very poorest peasants. And after all their hard labor, they are as happy as mortals can be. Such a thing as that I had never dreamed of."

"What beautiful games they played, and not one of the fairies got angry! Neither did I see any of their clothing soiled or torn when they came to the table. They

all looked as if they had just sprung out of a handbox. Their food was so sweet to them, too, though there was but very little of it."

"It cannot be possible that labor makes a good appetite?"

"Well, let us try it, Franz, when we get home."

Dinner was all over, the dishes washed and put away in the cupboard. Then the fairies started off to their work, and on the way sang the most beautiful song that I ever heard. It was not so loud as birds sing, but then it was far sweeter music.—Emma and Franz did not follow them to their labor, but were anxious, this time, to return home. As they arose, the fairies saw them and they all ran away. They did not know that there had been any spectators at their business, duties, dinner and play.

Suddenly a storm arose, and Franz declared it would catch them before they could get home. The lightning flashed so much that they were very much frightened, and from the bottom of their hearts they regret that they had left the garden. The storm came on violently, and almost an hour passed by before they reached home. They were wet through, and stood at the door trembling with cold. Their mother, all pale from anxiety, met them. She did not reprove them when she saw their ill condition, but, lest they should be sick, directed them to go to bed at once.

That same night, Franz became very sick, and a long, severe fever came on, in consequence of the cold he had caught from being wet. Many weeks he had to lie in his bed, and often he was heard to say,

"Oh! if I were only well again! it is so tedious to lie in a sick bed. I do wish I could go out and do some little work, for as often as I think of the labors of the little fairies, and that they were not compelled to do it, I must think there is real pleasure in labor."

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The following Address having been printed and circulated with a number of foolish errors, we feel it but an act of justice to the writer, to republish it corrected.

ADDRESS

OF THE CARRIERS OF THE NEWPORT MERCURY.

Eighteen Hundred Sixty-Four
Is no more—
Eighteen Hundred Sixty-Five
Is alive.
Memory's glance is backward cast
On the Past,
Hope peers forth with eager gaze
Through the haze,
Vainly seeking to descry
What may lie
Waiting there to cloud or cheer
This New Year.

Wisely has the Sire above,
In his love,
Cast a veil o'er coming days,
None may raise
What has been beneath our eyes
Clearly lies;
There we may, as on a book,
Fix our look,
Learning as we live it over,
Wisdom's lore
Not alone our fortune tells.

In the skies,
(Will and Deed,)—
Of the deepest weal and woe
Men shall know.
Then awake, O human heart!
Choose thy part!
Heaven has placed a magic wand
In thy hand,
Passing gold,
Fountains break,
And to realms of golden day
Opes the way.

Patrons! Hail! a new-born year
Finds us here!
We in Freedom's battle land
Hopeful stand
Though the clouds are bloody-god
Overhead,
Yet before us see the dawn
Of a brighter day
But with God
Rest the brave, whose task is o'er,
Evermore.

Rest—but sleep not—starry eyes,
From the skies,
On our mighty struggle bent,
Gaze intent;
Many a spirit-voice sounds in
Through the din,
Serving Freedom in the fight,
For the right,
Say not, then, the Past is dead,
'Tis not fled.

What was good and great is here—
Ever near!
Holding with us, as we walk,
Holy talk
With such counsel, comfort, cheer,
May this year
Lead us on till our dear land,
Broadly spanned
By the bow of Peace, shall be
Clean and free!

Sons of Newport,—ancient town
Of renown,—
Have you heard the news whose thrill
Vibrates still
Through the land and round the sphere,
Strong and clear?
Have you heard the jubilant din?
Lincoln's in!

That's the Inn we've reached at last,
That mail's fast!
Make a note and stick a pin—
Lincoln's in!
Raise a banner and a shout—
Jeff is out!

Soon shall thy career be run,
Wilmington!
No more Hood-winked thou art free
Tennessee!
Thou hast raised an unchained hand,
Maryland!
Peace shall prosper thee once more,
Baltimore!

Soon shalt thou have had thy day,
C. S. A.
Glorious U. S. A. alone
Shall be known!
Sons of Newport,—ancient town
Of renown,—
Have you heard the news the steam
Dragons scream—
As they fly by hill and vale?

Long we waited—years a score—
For thy roar—
Twenty years—to hear thy hum!
Thou art come.
Newport weds the world at last—
That nail's fast!

'Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?' asked the master of an infant school in a fast neighborhood.

'I have!' shouted a six-year-old at the foot of the class.

'Where?' inquired old spectacles, amused by his earnestness.

'On the elephant!' was the reply.

When Sir Richard Steele was made a member of the Commons, it was expected from his writings that he would have been an admirable orator; but not proving so, De Foë said, 'He had better have continued the Spectator than the Tatler.'

On a bad man:
By imbecility and fears
Will be restrain'd from doing ill;
His mind a porcupine appears,
A porcupine, without a quill.

A Snake in the Human Stomach.—A case involving a novel medical practice and interesting psychological laws.

We have heard of the existence of reptiles of the snake species in the human stomach, apparently well vouched for, but have never been fortunate enough, till recently, to hear the facts from an eye witness. Such a case has recently been tested in this city, which is so remarkable that we propose to give the details to the public, having seen the child who was operated upon, and from an interview with the parents learned the whole details of the case.

The subject was a child, seven years of age, son of Mr. Henry G. Powers, whose residence and home is in the city of Brooklyn, Island, 629 Pacific street. About the middle of February, 1864, he had a fit, being severely convulsed. The family physician being called, the convulsions were subdued, and the child restored to consciousness. He had previously been active and fond of exercise, but a lassitude supervened and he ceased to desire his usual exercise and sports. He was very restless, sleeping but little at a time, and requiring much care at night. His appetite became very ravenous, eating heartily at his regular meals and largely between them. In a short time spots appeared upon his face and his eyelids became of a rosy color. Small, festering sores appeared upon his knuckles. At this stage of the case his physician pronounced the disease gastric fever. His skin was hot and pulse high. He was treated with quinine, and in a week or fortnight the fever left him. He then wasted rapidly away, though his excessive and morbid appetite continued. Soon after his joints swelled and stiffened, and there was a general soreness of his limbs. After these symptoms, red scales, dry and hard, developed on the joints and shoulders, also upon the lower part of his back. He walked on his toes, his back bent, which led his parents to believe that his spine was seriously affected. Several physicians, skilled and eminent in the profession, were called in, but nothing they could do reached the case or gave any indications they could help the boy.

It was finally decided that the child should be taken into the country to try a change of air and the influences which might reach him there. And here it may be well to mention that his entire disposition seemed to have become changed. He was naturally sweet tempered and affectionate to the family and extremely fond of his playmates. His nervous sensibility became so acute that no one could go near him without his complaining. Common conversation annoyed him, and his irritability consequent upon his nervousness, made it a task to take care of him.

In this condition he was taken into the country, in June. The place selected was Lake Macpherson, in Putnam county. The child might be found favorable for recuperation. All medicines were stopped, and the child was treated with quinine, and water, or similar liquid. They remained here nine weeks, when they returned to Brooklyn, the child in no way improved. Physicians were again called in and there was a consultation, but no definite opinion was pronounced or treatment indicated. Soon after, in the anxiety to relieve his suffering child, another physician was called, who pronounced the case an aneurism, and a treatment of cod liver oil and iron was adopted. This was continued during September, but no effects were visible. The patient continued to exhibit the same symptoms.

About the last of the month, a lady from this city visiting in Brooklyn, called upon Mrs. Powers, and seeing the condition of the child inquired what ailed it. Mrs. Powers related the case and said she did not know, neither could the physicians determine. The lady replied that she would find out when she returned to Providence and write her. She did return in a day or two, and immediately called upon Mrs. Pettis, a mediumistic physician, who is under an influence which purports to be an Indian spirit, Charlie by name. She made known that she had called for the purpose of procuring a medical examination. Mrs. Pettis was directly informed, when the spirit was requested to examine the child, in the city of Brooklyn. Soon the whole details of the case were given, truthful and exact in every particular. It was then indicated that the cause was a snake in his stomach, which was between seven and eight inches long, accompanied by stomach worms. 'Charlie' expressed an opinion that he could remove the reptile in safety to the child, though from the length of time it had been there and the condition of the child's system, it would be attended with some danger. The lady at once wrote to Mrs. Powers. On receiving this letter though skeptical, Mr. and Mrs. Powers decided to come to this city and put their child under the treatment of Mrs. Pettis. They arrived here Sunday, Oct. 2d, and took rooms at the City Hotel. Monday Mrs. Pettis was called in. She went under the influence of 'Charlie' the controlling spirit, through her, then falls explained the case, reiterating the previous statement that a snake was in the stomach. Medicine was prescribed, its operation explained, and the probable time stated when the snake would pass off.

Mrs. Pettis called daily, being influenced at each visit, and continuing the directions as to the treatment from day to day. Thursday, the fourth day, the snake passed, and with it stomach worms. It was in detached pieces. Mr. and Mrs. Powers saw two pieces of the middle part, each a little more than two inches long. They were amazed, and in the excitement of the moment did not examine to find the other parts, neither did they save that which they saw. The pieces were yellowish brown and striped cross ways, like adders or water snakes. After this the child was much prostrated, and remained so for some time, having no appetite. He then began to mend, his appetite came, and he has been slowly gaining since. His appetite is now good and natural; his bowels are regular, and every symptom is improving.

The difficulty and soreness of the joints still remain, though not near as troublesome as they have been. The sores are improving, and every indication is favorable for the restoration of the child's health. We saw him Saturday, his general appearance was that of a convalescent. His mind has recovered its former elasticity, the nervous sensibility has decreased, and every symptom seems to be gradually yielding to the treatment.

And now comes the question, how came the snake in the child's stomach? 'Charlie' the influence was upon Mrs. Pettis. 'Charlie' the Indian spirit was interrogated on this point. 'He said:—'If you can tell me where you were 3 years last June, I can tell where the snake came from. At that time he drank the egg in water from a brook, it germinated and the snake grew, producing as its size increased the symptoms as they have occurred.' Mr. Powers informs us that at the time referred to, three years last June, he and his family were on the south end of Long Island to spend a few days to avoid the noise and bustle incident to the Fourth of July in the city. He rambled in the

neil with his family, and several times drank from a running brook, and also gave his child water to drink. Here is another remarkable verification of the usefulness of the medicine, who referred to this circumstance as long after its occurrence. It may be well to state that 'Charlie' pronounced the snake to be a water snake.

It is a most interesting case in all its aspects. In the outset, the child was described and every symptom of its case detailed as a distance of nearly two hundred miles. Then, on personal presence, the same cause was indicated, the mode by which the snake might be brought away, and the time, four days, stated, in which it would be accomplished. The condition of the child was also indicated as it would be subsequent to the operation, all which has been to the very letter verified. In the same manner has the prospective condition of the child been told, the prediction in every case having been fulfilled.

Mrs. Pettis, through whom this has been accomplished, was not in her normal state. When she passes from that she is another person altogether, talking and acting in every respect as if she were a different person. She is, as we have before said, to be an Indian spirit calling himself Charlie. In this case 'Charlie' has proved more than a match for the most skilled physicians of Brooklyn and New York, none of whom understood the case, and most of whom acknowledged to be entirely in the dark. The case, involving such important medical results and such a novel psychological principle, has induced us to present it to the public.

The facts we have reviewed directly from Mr. and Mrs. Powers, who are now in this city.—We called upon them Saturday, at the City Hotel, were taken to their room, and saw the child and the condition of the sores and limbs. We were very fully and kindly furnished with all the particulars, with the understanding that they were to be published. In every essential particular we have transcribed the facts as given to us, and presented them to the public.—With that public we leave them, to weigh, judge and decide upon.—*Proc. Press, Dec. 28.*

Miltum in Parvo.

Original and selected, prepared for the Mercury.

Lord Braxfield (a Scotch judge) once said to an eloquent culprit at the bar, 'You're a vera clever chiel, mon, but I'm thinking ye wad be nae the waur o' a hanging.'

particularly prosing judge, on one of his country circuits had to try a man for stealing a quantity of copper. In his charge he had frequent occasion to mention the 'copper,' which he uniformly called 'lead,' adding, 'I beg your pardon, gentlemen—copper; but I can't get the lead out of my head!' At this candid confession the whole court shouted with laughter.

A certain anti-illuminating marquis, since the memorable night of the passing of the Reform Bill, has constantly kept open house, at least, so we are informed by a person who lately looked in at the windows.

An illiterate person, who always volunteered to 'go round with the hat,' but was suspected of sipping his own pocket book, overhearing once a hint to that effect, replied, 'Other gentlemen put down what they think proper, and so do I. Charity's a private concern, and what I give is nothing to nobody.'

At a duel the parties discharged their pistols without effect, whereupon one of the combatants should shake hands. To this the other second objected, as unnecessary.—'For,' said he, 'their hands have been shaking this half hour.'

Milton was asked by a friend whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages, to which he replied: 'No, sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman.'

Epigram.—(On bank notes being made a legal tender.)—

The privilege hard money to demand,
It seems but hard the public should surrender;
For I confess I never could understand,
Why cash called hard, should be a legal tender.

'That's a pretty bird, grandma,' said a little boy.

'Yes,' replied the old lady, 'and he never cries.'

'That's because he's never washed,' replied the youngster.

On Farren, the actor:

If Farren, cleverest of men,
Should go to the right about,
What part of town will he be then?
Why, 'Farren-done-without.'

'The sun is all very well,' said an Irishman, 'but the moon is worth two of it; for the moon affords us light in the night-time, when we want, whereas the sun's with us in the day-time, when we have no occasion for it.'

Ladies, beware of falling in love with a pair of moustaches, till you have ascertained whether their wearer is the original proprietor.

A critic one day talked to Jerrold about the humor of a celebrated novelist, dramatist and poet, who was certainly no humorist. 'Humor!' exclaimed Jerrold, 'why he sweats at a joke, like a Titan at a thunderbolt!'

